

Broken People

Autopsy

They're worthless and weak,
They're worse than the meek
They're broken and cracked,
There's no coming back
Ripped and bled,
From their eyes I'm fed... I'm fed
They tell a tale without a word being said...
They're dead

I trample their hopes and dreams
My energy it comes from their screams
I trample their bones and their pride
From this fate they cannot hide

Fight this beast with all your might
Now's your chance, take your best bite
Many before you stood up and tried
Many before you fell down and died
From throat to anus you'll be slashed
Your once pretty face will be bashed
Before you die I must hear you cry
Once you're dead I'll tell you why

Broken people... I'm sick

Broken people, weak and feeble
Led down a path sealed by wrath
The broken people are going away
With a master plan that begins today
Watch them fade and disappear
Not a one will shed a tear
They won't be missed,
They won't be mourned
From this world they've been scorned
They've been scorned

I trample their hopes and dreams
My energy it comes from their screams
I trample their flesh and their pride
I will not stop 'til they've all died